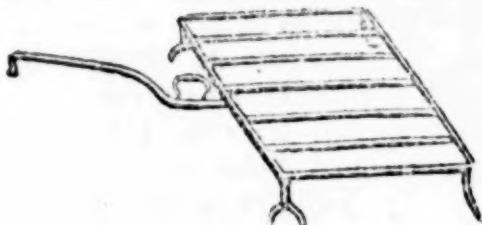


COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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"They are all tarred with the same brush."—
SPEECH OF MAIDSTONE WATCHMAKERS, 1816.

TO

THE MEN OF KENT.

*On the subject of the approaching
Meeting of that County.*

Barn-Elm Farm, 29th September, 1828.

MY FRIENDS,

A COUNTY Meeting has been called by the Sheriff, to assemble on Penenden Heath, on Friday the 24th of October, at which place and time I shall have the honour (and a very great one I deem it) to shake many of you by the hand. The last meeting of your county, which was held in the month of June, 1822, produced a very great effect throughout the country; but you have now a much more important duty to perform than you had then; and I am sure that you will perform it in a manner becoming the distinguished character which the county of Kent has always maintained. The meeting has been called for the purpose of considering of a petition to Parliament, that it will "adopt such measures as shall be best calculated to preserve the Protestant Establishment in Church and State."

What are the measures that will be proposed by those who have called the meeting I know not; and it is possible that they may be such as you ought to approve of: but we must not shut our eyes to what is now going on in every part of the country, at the instigation of the aristocracy and the clergy, who are every where forming or endeavouring to form, what they call *Brunswick Clubs*, insinuating, by the use of that name, that all those who are opposed to a continu-

ance of intolerance, and who wish for some mitigation from the burthens inflicted upon us by the Established Church, are enemies of the *House of Brunswick*. We must not shut our eyes to these circumstances; and I think it my duty, upon this particular occasion, to explain to you the real nature of the question, upon which the nation at large is now at issue with the aristocracy and the clergy.

Let me first state a few facts of an historical nature notoriously true, which are as follows: That the tithes, when first introduced into England, and for nine hundred years after their introduction, were applied in the following manner: a third part to the *relief of the poor and the stranger*; another third part for the building and repairing and ornamenting the churches; and the other third part, to be applied to the maintenance of the clergy. When the monasteries arose, they were endowed with lands and tenements for the *purposes of charity*: they assisted to feed the poor and the needy, and to entertain the stranger agreeably to the canons of the Catholic Church, and to the command of the Word of God: so that, in those times, there was no such thing as a *pauper* in England, and no such things as *church-rates* and *poor-rates*.—That, when the Protestant Reformation came, the aristocracy took to themselves the lands of the monasteries; and the Protestant parsons ceased to divide the tithes with the poor: hence arose (about two hundred years ago) the degrading name of *pauper*, and the burthen of *poor-rates* and *church-rates*; all which burthens were thrown upon the people, while the aristocracy took the lands and houses of the monasteries to themselves, and a great part of the great tithes also, giving the remainder for the exclusive use of that clergy, of whom, in fact, they were, and still are, generally, the patrons.

That thus, the people of England were impoverished to such an extent, that, at last, it became absolutely necessary to

provide for a great part of them by a law which compelled those who had the means, *to pay taxes for the relief of the rest*. Hence all the misery of poor-laws, poor-houses, mendicity-houses, beggar-whipping laws, vagrant acts, and all those things which are so painful to every good man to behold, and which are such an indelible disgrace to this our fine country, which was once the happiest in the world.

If such were the lot of England, that of *Ireland* was infinitely worse; for, in that unhappy country, the tithes and church lands were all taken away from the poor as they were in England, and no poor-rates were established for the relief of the necessitous. In England, it was impossible for the Protestant Government and Church to make the people submit to be starved to death without resistance. QUEEN ELIZABETH tried martial law upon them; but, after forty-three years of punishments of all sorts inflicted upon them, the aristocracy were compelled to give way, and to establish poor-rates, which, however, they took care to throw as much as possible upon the industrious classes of the community.

In Ireland they were able to compel submission by means of armies sent over from England; and, therefore, while all the tithes and other church property have been there taken away and held by the great and the clergy, there never have been poor-rates in that wretched country; whence it is, that the people there have been compelled to live not nearly so well as the greater part of our pigs, and have been continually in a state of discontent, and often in a state of rebellion.

This brings us to the question, which we shall have to discuss on Penenden Heath, on the 24th of October. My good friends, let us not be deceived by sounds; let us not be made tools of; let us consult our senses; let us act agreeably to those senses, and not be cajoled by an outcry about *Popery*, or by any of that nonsensical stuff, with which we have nothing at all to do. The plain question you will find to be a question of property, of national property, now held by the great and the clergy, and

formerly enjoyed in part by the clergy and in part by the poor. It is called the "*Catholic Question*"; it is no Catholic Question any more than it is a Protestant question; and some of these requisitionists in Kent, when they talk of the "*Protestant Establishment*," in Church and State, mean, the *tithes* and other property, such as I have before mentioned, and these most people think, and I amongst the rest, ought to be now employed in a manner different from that in which they are now employed.

There are, indeed, associations, consisting of aristocracy and lawyers who call themselves "*Catholic Associations*"; but these men, who want what they call "*Emancipation*," have really nothing in view but getting *a share of the taxes*. They are all "tarred with the same brush" as the Protestant aristocracy. Catholics are now excluded from seats in both Houses in Parliament, from seats in the KING's council, from being judges and chancellors, from being sheriffs and King's council at the bar; from being general officers, and from being admirals; but, what is all this to the body of the Catholic people? I am for putting all religions upon a level as to offices of emolument, of trust and of honour; but I am not for this partial "*Catholic Emancipation*," which would only add a great parcel of tax-eaters to those who already exist in such multitudes.

It is generally supposed, however, that the KING's ministers mean to propose some measure to gratify the wishes of these Catholic aristocracy and lawyers: the Protestant aristocracy clearly perceive that the concessions could not stop there; for that such a measure would do nothing to relieve the great body of the people of Ireland, who would become more discontented than ever, and more hostile than ever to the established Church; and therefore it is, that they are now endeavouring to stir up the people of England, to alarm them with a cry about *Popery*, the dangers of popery, the cruelties of papists; and are playing off those other tricks, by which the credulous people of this country have so often been induced willingly to work in forging chains for

themselves. DOCTOR JOHNSON observed, many years ago, even before the late French war, that the man who could now be induced to be *afraid of Popery*, would have *cried fire, fire*, during the time of Noah's flood. I trust that you will not be induced to cry fire; but that you will take a cool view of the real circumstances of the case; and if you do, you will clearly perceive the motives of those, who are endeavouring to get from you an outcry, in nominal hostility to your fellow-subjects, the Catholics, but in real hostility to yourselves.

The case of Ireland is this: less than a seventh part of the whole of the people profess to belong to the Protestant Established Church: about five sevenths are Catholics, and the rest are Dissenters of various descriptions, but principally Presbyterians. In some parishes, there is not a single Protestant; and instances have been known, where the parson has been obliged to go to another parish to get a Protestant to be his *Clerk* to carry on the church service before the Parson's wife and family. In numerous populous parishes not more than four or five church people are to be found. Yet, all the Catholics and all the Dissenters are compelled to pay tithes to the last potato to these Church Parsons, or to other lay impro priators of the livings; they are compelled to build parsonage houses for these parsons; they are compelled to repair and re-build the Churches; they are compelled to serve the office of church-warden; while they are excluded from the use of the Churches built by their ancestors or re-built by themselves; and are compelled to build and maintain chapels, priests, and ministers for their own service; and, when buried in the church-yard, their relations are compelled to pay fees; the Catholics in England are compelled to be married over-again and to pay fees, which is also the case with the Dissenters.

How, my friends, is this a question of religion? Is it not a question of *money*? You are well aware, that, in England, two or three livings are frequently given to one man, who performs service in neither of the parishes, but has a curate

upon a pitiful stipend, while the proceeds of the living are carried away and spent out of the parish. But, in Ireland, *six or seven livings are given to one man*; and, perhaps, all the church people, in the six or seven parishes, do not amount to a hundred persons. You are also aware, that, in England, Lords and other great men, are frequently the owners of the great tithes of numerous parishes; but in Ireland, the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, for instance, stated, in his place in Parliament, a year or two ago, that he himself, in his own person, OWNED THE TITHES OF TWENTY PARISHES IN IRELAND.

Here, my friends, is the *real ground* of all the discontents in Ireland; of all the desperate deeds committed in that country; and the ground of the monstrous expense to which we, in England, are put, *to maintain a great army to keep down the Catholics in Ireland*. I will give you one instance of the effects of this state of things in that unhappy country. It is an account of the manner in which tithes were collected upon a particular occasion, in a parish called Castle-haven, of which one R. MORRETT, an English parson, was the Rector. I will give the account in the words of an Irish Protestant newspaper, published in Cork, in the month of July, 1823; and, when you have read it, you will want nothing more to convince you, that it is this exaction of tithes in Ireland, which is the real cause of all the strife in that country, and of all the enormous expense that England is at *for the purpose of upholding this Protestant Church in Ireland*. Here you will find *soldiers* employed in the collection of tithes, and here you will find a specimen of all those horrors, which this system is continually producing in that country.

"On Wednesday, the 2d July, 1823, "a daring violation of the law occurred "in the parish of Castle-haven, within "three miles of Skibbereen. The Rec- "tor of the Parish, the REVEREND R. "MORRITT, finding it impossible to ob- "tain his tithes (there being three years "due) was determined to submit his case "to the bench of Magistrates in petty "session, from whom he received a

" warrant of distress, which was intrusted to his PROCTOR, who, with *five other men*, were appointed *special constables* to execute it on the parties; and a party of the police, consisting of LIEUTENANT HAWKSHAW, with *four men mounted, and seven men dismounted*, were ordered to assist. Accordingly they proceeded to the ground, where they seized some cattle, which the country people resisted with showers of stones, when the police and constables [the constables were armed too, it appears,] were obliged, in their own defence, to keep up a constant fire, which was as determinedly resisted by the country people with volleys of stones, which were kept up with such determination, that the police and constables were obliged to retreat, leaving one of the police, and the proctor killed, and several of them wounded. The country people had *two shot dead, and ten or twelve wounded*. Such was the rapidity of the retreat, that LIEUTENANT HAWKSHAW lost his cap, which was knocked off, by a stone. On the account reaching Skibbereen, CAPTAIN BALDWIN, with a party of the rifle brigade, and such of the police as were able, hastened to the place, but we have not heard of any persons being taken. The ferocious city of the country people was exhibited in a most disgraceful manner, having wedged a stone into the dead police-man's mouth, which they forced in with another!"

I pray you, my friends, to look at this; to bear in mind that this is only one instance out of thousands; and then you will be convinced, that, as long as such a state of things shall exist, there can be no peace in Ireland; and that England can never be relieved from that portion of her enormous taxes which is required to keep up an army, not to prevent the people of Ireland from rebelling, but to enable the Church clergy and the Protestant tithe owners to collect tithes from the miserable people of Ireland, and at the same time to pay no poor-rates out of the land. Was this the way that ST. PAUL pointed out to the preachers of the gospel to obtain the

means of living? Was this the way in which the famous ST. AUSTIN proceeded, when he introduced Christianity into Kent, and when he received the free-will offerings of the faithful, and distributed them to the poor, according to the command that he had received, in "mercy and in humility"?

If the question were fairly put before you, it would be this; not whether you wish to encourage Popery and Papists, but whether you wish, in addition to the poor-rates, the church-rates and the tithes of England, to pay heavy taxes, to support an enormous army, to compel the Catholics and Dissenters of Ireland to pay church-rates and tithes, and to build parsonage-houses all for the Church clergy in Ireland, some of whom have six or seven livings each; when the people professing to belong to the Established Church do not form a seventh part of the people. This would be the fair question for these requisitionists to put to you; but some of them will talk about the dangers of Popery, and not about the taxes that you have to pay for maintaining their church: they will talk to you about the Catholic fires of Smithfield, which are said to have consumed two hundred and seventy-seven persons in the reign of QUEEN MARY; they will tell you nothing about the burnings and the butchery, ten times as great, in the reigns of EDWARD, ELIZABETH, and JAMES the First, exceeding tenfold in number the deaths from the fires of MARY; and not a word will they say to you about the tithe-battles in Ireland, and about all the strife and all the rebellions engendered by this system, which has caused the shedding of rivers of human blood.

These *Brunswickers*, as they call themselves, manifestly believe that the DUKE of WELLINGTON has an intention to do something with a view of pacifying the Catholics of Ireland, and of putting an end, if possible, to that state of things there, which causes such a drain upon the resources of England, and which indeed really so cripples the country, that, even if attacked, and if its finances were in a good state, would disable it from venturing upon war. Whether their

suspicions be well founded, or not, I cannot say; but it is clear that they have such suspicions; and, in a letter lately published by the DUKE of NEWCASTLE, he plainly expresses suspicion of this sort. He reproaches the DUKE with *tardiness*, with want of *energy*; and he calls upon the nation to "*bestir itself*, and to do that for itself, which others either fear or refuse to do for it." He then proceeds to involve the nation to demand that all Popish establishments be abolished at once, and that all Catholics be disqualified from voting at elections either in England or Ireland. If this execrably stupid writer did not speak the sentiments of others, I should deem him totally unworthy of notice; but it is manifest that he does speak the sentiments of others. He reproaches the DUKE of WELLINGTON for having assented to the Act of last Session in favour of *the Dissenters*: he says, that, when the DUKE became Minister, it was fondly hoped that he would put an end to the *hateful* system of *conciliation*, and he concludes this part of his letter by observing: "We all know how the result fulfilled our anxious expectations." This DUKE calls upon the nation "not to offend God by *disowning Christianity*. I simply ask," says he, "if we *desert God*, will he not *desert us*? Will he not be *avenged* upon such a nation as this?" In answer to his question; a question which he puts to us all, may we not reasonably ask him, whether God can be very well pleased at viewing tithe-battles like that at Skibbereen, and whether he can be very well pleased to see the poor Catholics and Dissenters in Ireland, giving up a large part of their crops to the church parsons, while it is notorious that they frequently *starve by thousands for want of food*? May we not reasonably ask this DUKE, whether it be right that one brother DUKE should draw from Ireland the *tithes of twenty parishes*, which tithes were formerly partly employed in feeding the poor and the stranger, while, too, he pays out of those tithes not even a poor-rate to assist in relieving the poor?

This DUKE says, "imminent danger is at the door of the CONSTITU-

"TION; something must instantly be done, or it may be destroyed. We must no longer wait in expectation of tardy assistance; we must act for ourselves; and if the Minister will not co-operate with us, so much the better; but we must not, we will not, be *sacrificed*." *Sacrificed!* Who is going to sacrifice the DUKE, or any of his Brunswickers? All that we desire is, that the Catholics should be put upon the same footing with ourselves; and that is all the Ministry can have in view; and as to Ireland, if the clergy there can collect their tithes from a Catholic and Presbyterian people, *without calling upon us to pay for an army to support them in their demands*, we, in England, may perhaps care less about the matter; but, while we are called upon to pay an army for the purpose of enforcing the demands of the Protestant church in Ireland, we have surely a right to express a hope, that some measure may be adopted to render that army unnecessary, and thereby to ligh'ten our enormous burthen of taxes; for now, we not only pay tithes ourselves, and poor-rates and church-rates into the bargain, but we pay an army, as I have over and over again observed, to compel the Catholics and Dissenters of Ireland, who form six-sevenths of the population, to pay tithes to this same Protestant church.

The question, therefore, which we shall have to discuss will reduce itself to this: whether we shall petition the parliament to continue to make us keep an army on foot, at a most enormous expense, to enable the Church clergy to squeeze tithes from the Catholics and Dissenters of Ireland, or petition it to have the goodness to repeal the laws by which the parsons of Ireland are authorized to demand those tithes, and by such repeal to relieve us from the heavy burthen of maintaining a great standing army for the purpose of enforcing the collection of those tithes. This will be the simple question as far as relates to the matters now agitated by the Brunswickers; but, as the requisition is very large in the extent of its meaning; as it leaves any one at liberty to propose any thing, which he may think best calcu-

lated to support the Protestant establishment in Church and *State*; any one that chooses may propose any thing, even of a mere political nature, having such support in view. We have, therefore, great elbow room here; for we may propose any thing that we may think likely to support the *State* as well as the Church; and if there be any body, as I confess to be one, who thinks that the Protestant church religion would be greatly benefited by the abolition of tithes, such person may propose such measure to be prayed for in the intended petition. I do not say that I shall do this, or that I shall do any thing else at the meeting; but merely state what it will be competent for us to do, if we choose to do it.

In conclusion, I will observe, that it is not necessary, at this day, to caution you against the gross imposition attempted to be practised on you by the cry of *popery and slavery*. This is the grossest piece of cheatery that ever was attempted to be played off upon any people. We do not want to *favour the Catholic religion*: the main body of us are not Catholics: I myself am of the Church of England, born and bred, having a large family brought up in the same church. I am, however, against no religion, and where there are so many and different religions in the country, I think all ought to be put upon a level with regard to civil rights. Besides this, I like to be *just*, and especially to avoid *black ingratitude*; and I must be both unjust and ungrateful, if I do not acknowledge, that England was greater and happier in Catholic times, than she ever has been since. In the county of Kent, for instance, there were monastic establishments, the revenues of which amounted, in money of the present day, to about *two hundred thousand pounds a year*. There were forty-three of them in number, and the monasteries and their estates were situated in different parts of the county. As I observed before, a third part of the tithes were applied to the relief of the poor; and the revenues of the monastic establishments, the whole of which were expended in the county, were also, in very

great part, expended in relief to the poor, in the teaching of children gratis, and in gratuitous attendance on the necessitous sick. When the Protestant church came, it took away all the tithes from the poor, and it gave the estates of the monasteries to the nobles and the rich, who gave none of that relief, none of that teaching, and none of that comfort to the sick which the monasteries had constantly given. In the days of our now abused Catholic fathers the degrading word *pauper* had never wounded the ear of an Englishman; nor was his eye ever hurt, or his heart sunk within him, by the sight of that abode of wretchedness called a *workhouse*. But now, alas! to our deep sorrow, and to our deeper shame, a report printed by the House of Commons on the 3d of March, 1818, tells us, that, in the once happy county of Kent, the paupers cost *four hundred and eighteen thousand two hundred and eighty-one pounds in one year!* The jails; good God! one little jail was more than sufficient for the whole county; and the jail now standing at Maidstone would have been more than sufficient for all England!

Let us, my friends, be as *staunch Protestants* as any body in the world; let us not want to change the religion which is now established; let us be *Protestant*, but let us be *just*; and above all things let us not be guilty of black and blasphemous ingratitude. Do we boast of our cathedrals; do we boast of our universities and colleges; do we boast of our great charitable foundations; do we boast of the common law of England; do we boast of our courts and judges; do we boast of our sheriffs, headboroughs, constables, justices of the peace, and all the innumerable safe guards of property and of life? We owe them ALL, without one single exception, to our Catholic fore-fathers. Let us, then, I say, adhere for ourselves, to the religion in which we were born, unless thorough conviction induces us to make a change; let us uphold our own establishment, *justly modified* to suit the circumstances of the times; but let nobody, by a hypocritical cry against *Po-pery*, induce us to be guilty of the

monstrous ingratitude of reviling those of our fore-fathers, whose wisdom, whose generosity, whose piety, gave us all that we possess, that is worth boasting of; and particularly who made our fore-fathers so happy as not to need jails at every ten miles, and as never to hear the sounds of the words *pauper* or *poor-rate*.

I am, my friends,
Your most faithful and
Most obedient Servant,
W.M. COBBETT.

P. S.—It is my intention to be at Maidstone on Thursday, the 23rd October, where I shall be glad to see any of the farmers, that wish to see a specimen of my *Indian Corn*, a plant of which, with the ears on it, I intend to take with me.

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S LETTER.

I, AT first, intended to give a regular answer to this publication; but I have taken quite sufficient notice of it in the foregoing address to the People of Kent; and to use his own Duke-like-phraseology, the "*fellow*" was hardly worthy of that; for the letter is, taken altogether, one of the most stupid, as well as one of the most impudent things, that ever appeared in type. I insert it here, merely for the purpose of having it upon record, and of exposing "*the fellow*" to those feelings, which his balderdash is so well calculated to excite. As to KENYON, to whom he addresses his letter, if he and his relations would but be so good as to let go their *sinecures*, it would be much better than publishing ribaldry letters about the *Church being in danger from Popery*.

LETTER OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE TO LORD KENYON.

Sept. 18.

MY DEAR LORD,—That I did not answer your first appeal has been a sufficient reproach to me; I should be ashamed of myself if I could see your second, without making a public avowal of my entire concurrence in your sentiments, and that I heartily back your spirited appeal to our fellow Protestants of the British empire.

I am not more given to dilation with my pen, than I am by word of mouth; I never

use either but by compulsion; and if I could now conscientiously avoid the labour, and the consequent discomfort, I have every inclination, and every motive but one, for consulting my ease, and indulging in that privacy which, perhaps, may be most congenial to me. Such a course, however, consistently with what I conceive to be my duty, I cannot find within me to pursue. *I must embark in the same vessel with you, and sink or swim in our endeavour to preserve the religion which we love, the constitution which we reverence.*

In your own emphatic words, I painfully confess that we do "live in times when every man who values principles should depend on his own exertions, and not on those of princes, prelates, nobles, politicians, or parliament." It is but too true, that such is, in reality, the case; or, in other words, that if we wish to preserve our religion and our laws, each must use his individual power to defend, preventively or absolutely, the constitution which he has sworn to observe inviolable in church and state. It may sound finely in a republican ear, to be told that all are bound to participate in the management of the national interests, and that the will of the people should direct the affairs of the country. I cannot subscribe to such dangerous doctrine as a maxim; I see the mischief of a popular assumption of the executive, and I would, if I could, avoid it; but, unfortunately, we have no choice now; we are driven into a corner, and we must either make a desperate effort to preserve our constitution, or lose it altogether. Deserted or unsupported by those in power, we see ourselves on the brink of ruin; and is it to be imagined that we can or will ignorinously abandon our sacred duty, and basely yield either to our betrayers or our enemies?

An appeal to the nation is our only resource; it must be made; and the voice of the nation must decide whether Protestantism or Popery shall prevail; whether, by treading in the footsteps of our forefathers, we will maintain the Protestant ascendancy, which their practical wisdom established for us; or whether, to our eternal shame, to our certain punishment, we will see the Jesuits triumphant, and the idolatrous worship of Papists openly displayed throughout this now Protestant land. In short, the nation must decide whether these kingdoms shall be at once the cradle and the citadel of Protestantism and real liberty, or the hot-bed of Popery, with its scarlet train of mental and political despotism.

We are now arrived at the period when we are compelled to judge and act for ourselves; the bane and antidote are before us; our choice must be made: we must now decide whether we will range ourselves with Protestants or Papists—whether we will serve God or Mammon.

Nothing is to be expected from Parliament, because nothing is to be done by the Government, nothing is to be done by the Government, because neutrality, conciliation, and

modern liberality are still ruling the deliberations of the Cabinet. Thus the honesty and virtuous feeling for which this country has long been renowned are decreed to be neutralised and deadened; religion and morality, principle, patriotism, and the boasted constitution, are doomed to perish from sheer inanition.

But will our fellow-protestants commit this suicide? Why is the nation listless, apathetic, and dead, to every patriotic impulse? Why are virtue and vice, right and wrong, amalgamated as it were, and so blended together, that the one and the other possess an equal value? or rather I should correct myself and say, why are the bad qualities predominant? Why are the highest and noblest attributes of human nature outraged by a prescribed submission to bad measures, vicious systems, and detestable principles? The cause, I fear, may be thus explained. For years past the government of the country have thought fit blindly to adopt, and obstinately to persevere in, a system of neutrality which has gradually produced the most deadly evil that can befall a nation—a loss of principle. It is in vain to say this or that cause has produced this or that bad effect; that the march of intellect, the spread of knowledge, or philosophy, or liberality, or any of those jargonic explicatives the very sound of which makes the heart sick, have brought the nation into its present state;—it is not so: we must put the saddle on the right horse, and I assert openly that Government has done the work. There may, indeed, have been a predisposition to these delusive theories on the part of some restless speculators; but to the Government belongs the blame, and the Government must bear it.

In 1807 the voice of the nation rejected an administration, strong in talent, but weak in the possession of the public confidence. An overwhelming feeling confirmed the power of its successor, which was proudly and triumphantly favoured by popular support, because it was supposed to be purely Protestant, to be pledged to oppose Popery, and to support the national affections, the national interests. Nobly and most beneficially did this administration execute its duty, opposing Popery, upholding Protestantism, supporting the national interests, cherishing the established religion, encouraging national morality as well by its example as by its care, boldly defending the constitution and preserving it uninjured in church or state from the united attacks of dangerous and desperate men, and, above all things, keeping this leading object in view—that it is the duty of a government to act towards the nation as a good father of a family would act towards his family, namely, by the establishment of public virtue founded upon public principle. The admirable Perceval knew well by experience, and thus foresaw, that, because it is worthless, nothing can be lasting that is not founded on principled virtue, that no nation can endure and prosper without it, that other nations had suffered the severest

retributive justice for their national crimes, and that we evidently owed our comparative exemption from the horrors which the Divine vengeance poured on those devoted countries, to our own comparative exemption from the vices and corruption which prevailed in them. Taking for his motto that honesty is the best policy; the straight-forward, intelligible, and defined policy of the minister gained the applause even of his opponents, whilst his friends, sure of his support and encouragement in their endeavours to promote his generous measures for the public welfare, acted with spirit, union, and confidence.

Thus we continued blessed with an administration which acted upon known principles, until in 1812 the same hand which deprived Mr. Perceval of life, extinguished also the light of the administration. We lost our virtuous, exemplary, and highly-gifted minister, and from that time our moral decline commenced. Then began that accursed system of liberalism, neutrality, and conciliation—right and wrong, virtue and vice, the friend and the enemy of his country were to be confounded, distinctions were to be levelled,—all was to bend to expediency, and principle must not stand in the way of policy.

Could any one mistake what would be the sure consequence of such a vile system? Assuredly, as it has happened, it would follow, that the country would be gradually demoralized. What before seemed odious, or immoral, no longer disgusted; all ancient institutions began to be considered as rubbish; history as an old almanack; experience was to be cast away; all that is valuable to us was to be vilified, derided, and trampled upon; and, finally, liberality enthroned itself in the chief seat to influence and directed the counsels of the nation. The country now found itself without guides, although it had a government; the high offices were filled, it is true, but not by governors. The executive was in other hands:—instead of resisting innovation, they yielded to it; instead of leading public opinion, they bowed to its counterfeit; and thus quackery, deceit, and hollow pretension, gained so much strength that their opposites were almost obliged to hide their diminished heads. Then followed the effects of this contemptible system. The depraved, the disaffected, and the self-opinionated, are always the most noisy and turbulent; they clamoured; they made themselves to be heard: finding their strength, and presuming upon their acquired consequence, they artfully contrived, through the Administration, in fact, to rule the State; and the Administration preferring place and irresponsible tranquillity to a noble rejection of either, when principle is at stake, suffered our constitutional excellence, and all that has hitherto been deemed most sacred or most valuable, to perish, for want of encouragement and protection; whilst the designing liberalist gloried in his success, and chuckled at the impending misfortunes which he well knew

would result from such a total revolution in the government and constitution of the country.

I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to abbreviate and compress this description into the smallest compass compatible with an intelligible statement of my view of this cardinal point. If we know where error lies, we may correct, perhaps eradicate it. I have unreservedly stated what I conceive to be its origin, growth, and maturation; and I have for this purpose attempted to sketch my view of cause and effect up to the present time.

I shall omit all further comment, and proceed at once to the change of Ministry in January last. Every heart beat with high expectation—every patriot rejoiced in the anticipated appointment of the Duke of Wellington to the head of affairs. The lover of his country fondly hoped that the time had at last arrived when an end would be put to the hateful system of liberalism, neutrality, and conciliation; he made sure that the high character which had formerly distinguished the nation would be recovered, and that, in the place of national demoralization, a new system would be established calculated to restore the national energy, by an undeviating rectitude of principle, the character of which would be stamped by the uncompromising character of the government. We all know how the result fulfilled our anxious expectations.

The last Session of Parliament I consider to have been by far the *most disastrous of any in the memory of man*: it was pre-eminently stained by liberalizing religion,—and this, I believe, from my conscience, to be a fatal stab to the established church, as well as to the peace of the country and the existence of the constitution.

By an utter dereliction of principle we have sought to appease those who are actuated by no principle but a hatred of order: we thus depress and disgust our most valuable friends, we invest our enemies with the power taken from our friends, and, to fill up the measure of our misdoing, we offend our God in the disowning of Christianity.

I simply ask, if we desert our God, will he not desert us? will he not be avenged upon such a nation as this?

An inaction totally inexplicable possesses the Government. We see rebellion stalk through the land with impunity—conciliation still reigns in our councils. The Popish Association, day after day, audaciously asserts its omnipotence, and proclaims aloud that it will yield to no other authority. One of their members, a fellow who years since deserved to be hanged for his treason, has, through this means, been chosen to sit in a British Protestant Parliament, although a Papist;—itinerant Popish demagogues are roaming through the country spouting sedition and treason; and who offers the slightest opposition to all this? No one.

What, I ask, is to prevent traitors from ris-

ing in every market-place of every town of Great Britain, to vomit forth their pestilent harangues? or are such wretches only to be allowed this exclusive privilege in Ireland? Shame, shame on the Government which can for an hour, for a minute, permit such dangerous excesses to be practised with blind impunity. I am unwilling to inculpate our chief Minister, because I had rested my last principal hope on him; my expectation was, that Nelson's memorable recommendation would not be lost upon him, and that England would see him, at all risks, and under all circumstances, do his duty. Let us hope that a mistaken view has alone led him into so vast an error. But when this error is exposed, it will be unpardonable, it will be criminal, if the remedy be not instantly applied.

In the midst of this tremendous storm and danger of shipwreck, we are told not to fear, that we have men for our ministers who will guard us from all danger. I may be called a very timid mariner, but I cannot prevent myself from crying out; I loudly assert that the ship is in the utmost danger, and as yet the helmsman has done nothing visibly to preserve it; the murmurs of a portion of the crew have burst into open mutiny; and nothing but the prompt energy of the Captain, or the united efforts of the remainder of the crew, can save it from destruction.

Figure apart, imminent danger is at the door of the constitution; something must instantly be done, or it may be destroyed. We must no longer wait in expectation of tardy assistance; we must act for ourselves; and if the ministers will co-operate with us, so much the better; but we must not, we will not, be sacrificed.

We are assured that the Duke of Wellington is true to our cause, but that he dares not to act of himself, that he wishes to be backed by popular support. I am quite willing to believe that he does continue true to the Protestant cause, and to the preservation of those interests which are as dear to us as life itself; but if he be true, wherefore this *unaccountable inaction*? We know that he must be fearless; but, if fearless, how can it be explained that he dares not to act upon his own ministerial responsibility, but requires the popular aid to attempt that which is peculiarly the duty of the executive?

If my positions are as true as I firmly believe them to be, then indeed have I made out a case of extremity, and it is high time that the nation should bestir itself, and do that for itself which others either fear or refuse to do for it.

Let the nation look forward a little to the future; let it consider what must very shortly be the inevitable consequence of the present frightful state of things; it will then see the danger which stares us in the face; and if it is desirous of preserving our glorious constitution, of upholding religion, of maintaining the laws, rights, and liberties of our country, so as in some measure to merit the favour of God and man, then, I would say, *let the nation*

arouse from its lethargy; let it stand forth in the panoply of its natural excellence; let it declare its intentions; let it demand that the Popish association shall be instantly annihilated; let it demand that the voice of treason shall be stifled; let it demand that all Popish establishments, of whatever nature, whether Jesuits' colleges, or monasteries, &c. &c. shall be immediately abolished; let them demand that no Roman Catholics shall vote at elections; and finally let them require a full and undisputed Protestant ascendancy within these realms.

This, however, must not be delayed: time presses, and the enemy is at the gate; the unanimous voice of the nation should be heard in a tone which can not be mistaken, and our invaluable constitution will be safe against her most inveterate enemies, whether secret or avowed.

You, my dear Lord, have manfully sounded the warning trumpet; you have ably appealed to our Protestant countrymen; I trust that they will as manfully answer to the call. They must unite in Protestant associations from one end of the country to the other; and as parliament is not sitting, they should address their Protestant King; and may God protect our country, and prosper their patriotic exertions.

I have thus endeavoured, very imperfectly, I admit, to describe my notions on this momentous subject. I have written freely; why should I not? *Some one must speak out!* my duty and my interest compel me to conceal nothing, and in this respect I acquit myself of any deficiency. I have extenuated where I could do so with propriety; I have set down nought in malice or hostility, for I entertain none. *Perilous times require strong remedies and home truths;* you will perceive that I have not flinched from recommending the one, and starting the other. I am well aware that in doing this I am subjecting myself to severe animadversions, but I am heedless of consequences to myself, if I may ever so slightly benefit the great cause which is at stake. My anxiety also to prove my gratitude to you by answering to your appeal, has been an additional incitement; and thus I have been doubly urged forward to the completion of my unpleasing task.

I have been led into far greater length than I at first contemplated; and it is now fit that I should assure you of the esteem with which I am, my dear Lord, very sincerely and faithfully yours,

NEWCASTLE.

The Right Hon. Lord Kenyon.

INDIAN CORN.

THE following letter has been published in the London newspapers; but it is necessary that I repeat the publication here.

To the Editor of *The Morning Herald.*

Barn-Elm Farm, Surrey, Sep. 26.

SIR—I troubled you the other day with the insertion of an intimation to farmers, that they

might come to my farm to view my crop till the 7th of October. Upon reflecting upon this matter since, knowing well how precious their time is at this season of the year, when all the great fairs are held, it came into my mind that I would go to Weyhill Fair, which is the greatest of all, and take a specimen of the crop with me, and thereby save, probably, four or five thousand farmers the trouble of coming to London; but I am in the midst of the topping of my corn, and shall soon be harvesting a part of the corn itself. I felt very anxious to go, and I could easily have taken pen and paper with me; but I could not find in my heart to quit my crop. If I could not quit my farm, how could I wish so many men to quit theirs, leaving the whole of their business, while we, you know, Mr. Editor, can carry the materials of our happy profession in the smallest portmanteau that ever was made? But if I could not carry the specimens, I could send them. You will easily conceive the result of this train of thinking. I have determined to send the specimens to Weyhill Fair, accompanied with a little tract, just giving the history of the crop.

In a place like Weyhill Fair, where so many thousands of persons are assembled, it would be impossible to make any thing like a public exhibition without requiring money as the price of the sight. No ten stout men, even with constables to assist them, would prevent a crowd from crushing my servant to pieces, and his corn along with him. I am aware of the imputation of "showman"; but, in this case of absolute necessity, I certainly may be excused for doing that which is done by the Gentlemen of the Fine Arts, who exhibit their productions at Somerset House; and those who exhibit their productions at the Repository of Manufactures and Arts; nay, though I should be sorry to quote them as an example, I might mention the conduct of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, in taking toll for suffering us to look at one of those monuments of genius, generosity, and piety, which we inherit from our forefathers.

The exact manner in which I shall do the thing which I intend to do at Weyhill Fair, I cannot now state without a little more time for reflecting upon the subject; but I intend to send about a hundred ears of the corn, and also a specimen of the tops and blades, which constitute the fodder; and you will render a very great service to the farmers in the West of England, by giving circulation to this intimation of my design.

I have the pleasure to add, that all my expectations have now been realized, with regard to the ripening of the crop. I have now taken off part of the tops and blades; some of them are fit to put into stack for winter use. I have ten acres of very good meadow, the two cuttings of the hay of which (generally speaking well made) are now standing in the yard, in two ricks; and I declare that I would not give the corn fodder in exchange for the two ricks; and, as I have before observed, I

have but about eight acres of perfect corn-field, the other parts of it having been destroyed by the accidental causes which I have frequently before mentioned.

I will not trouble you here with a repetition of the various benefits attending this crop; but I cannot see ten men in my field taking off the tops and blades, and contemplate the great blessing that it must be thus to extend profitable employment to the latter end of October, without mentioning this advantage, in addition to those which I have mentioned in former letters; and I will just add, that I have hitherto forgotten to mention the fuel, consisting of about fifty bushels of cobs, that will come off from each acre of Corn; the cob is the part of the plant round which the grains are placed. The grain and the cob together constitute the ear. If given to oxen or cows, they grind cob and all: if the ears are given to pigs or sheep, they take off the grain and leave the cob. The cob is left of course, if the grain be rubbed off, for grinding or for the feeding of poultry; and these cobs, tossed in the sun to dry, if taken out of pig-sties; or kept dry if given to sheep, or if the grain be rubbed off, make a very beautiful fire: slight indeed, as to the degree of heat that it gives, but very convenient for all those purposes to which chips, and wood of small substance, are applied. The use of them saves, in innumerable cases (I will not mention the tea-kettle), the making of a fire of some expense. I shall have, I dare say, 500 bushels of these cobs. Let farmers reflect upon the great convenience of that, in addition to all the other advantages. In those seasons of the year, when a little fire is wanted morning and evening, these cobs quickly give a very pleasant little warmth.—I am, Sir,

Your much obliged and
most obedient servant,
Wm. COBBETT.

P. S. I have, many times, paid money to see *big hogs* and *oxen*; and it was very proper that I should. There is the trunk of an *American black walnut tree*, now shown for money, in London, and a sight it is worth paying for. Therefore, there could be nothing amiss in the showing of this corn for money, even if it could possibly be shown, at a fair, in any other way; but it is impossible; and, therefore, some price or other must be required. I think that the best way will be to put the corn specimens into the booth of some one who has a hog, or some other thing, to show at the fair, and make the hog-man pay the expenses that I shall be at on this account. In the above letter I expressed my intention of sending some ears; but, after a second

thought, I think I shall send a complete plant with the ripe ears on it.

I take the following letter from the Morning Chronicle, of the 29th September, with the Editor's introduction to it: It shall be followed by my answer.

The following Letter was delivered yesterday by a Gentleman, whom we were from home, who did not leave his name, so that it must be considered, *at present, as anonymous*:

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

London, September 27, 1828.

Sir.—Mr. Cobbett has engaged the public attention, for some time past, with the repeated accounts he has given of his extraordinary success this year in the cultivation of Indian Corn. My attention has been particularly drawn to his statements on this subject, as I am from that portion of the United States (Virginia) where this grain is *most raised*, and with the greatest success; and, from long observation, consider myself pretty well acquainted with its nature and mode of cultivation.

Indian Corn is of quick, and indeed rapid, growth; and, from its succulent quality, no plant absolutely demands *a higher degree of temperature* to mature it—not even tobacco. It was from a knowledge of this fact that I felt anxious, and indeed curious, to have ocular evidence of the statement of Mr. Cobbett, *not doubting for an instant his veracity*, but really regarding his account of it as *an anomaly in nature*; as the climate of England is all *the reverse* of that known to be necessary for the growth of the grain in question. Under the general invitation given by him to the public, I, in company with a friend, two days ago, visited his field of corn, and I confess I was much surprised at what I saw. I recollect that Mr. C. had mentioned it was *dwarf* corn he cultivated (and really it well deserves the name); I, therefore, did not expect to see a large and vigorous plant, ten or twelve feet high, as in America; but I did expect to find it perfectly grown and matured. This, however, was not the case; the *whole plant is green*—perfectly green; and, though growing in a fertile soil, is *stunted* for the want of proper sun, and *pining* under the influence of too cool and *unfriendly a climate*; with a diminutive ear, *feeble shooting from its stalk*, about eighteen inches above the surface of the ground, and this *imperfectly filled with grain*, now in a *milky state*, and to mature which would require *some weeks of tropical sun*; this field of corn, which “is the best” Mr. C. has ever seen, and which is to yield him “one hundred bushels per acre,” will not, in my estimation, give him, in sound matured corn, *fit for bread*, the tenth portion of that amount! How it is that a man of Mr. Cobbett's usual sagacity

should have been thus betrayed into so gross an agricultural error, is with me matter of much surprise. No one will suppose, for a moment, that he has *wilfully intended to mislead*, or designedly (to use his own language) "humbug" the British public; this cannot be thought; and, without this *charitable supposition*, I, as well as others, must be left totally at a loss what to conjecture.—Your obedient servant,

CORN PLANTER.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Barn-Elm Farm, 29th Sept. 1828.

SIR,—Your correspondent "CORN PLANTER," in your paper of this day, who, doubtless, has *some other name*, says, that my Corn *will not ripen*; and amongst many other things, that ripe Indian Corn, in England, is an "*anomaly in nature*." The best possible answer to him, as addressed to you individually, would be to send you an ear of the Corn, which I should do, were it not to depart from a resolution to which I have been compelled inflexibly to adhere. But a very good answer is this fact; that my eleven acres of Corn are the produce of *seed grown in England* from two ears, brought from abroad by my son William in the year 1826.

This "*experienced*" person does not appear to know, that there are, perhaps, *fifty sorts* of Indian Corn, one of which (the sort your Correspondent alludes to) *may now be seen in my garden at Kensington*, twelve feet high, and only beginning to *show the ear*, while some of *my Corn*, growing within a yard of it, and planted on the same day (in June) has ears very nearly ripe, and will have them quite ripe in a month's time.

This correspondent, who says that he comes from VIRGINIA, ought to know, that the sort of Corn, generally cultivated there, will not ripen, except by mere accident, in the *state of New York*. He talks of the "*high degree of temperature*," which, he says, is absolutely necessary to ripen Indian Corn; and adds, that it is not exceeded, in this respect, *even by tobacco*." He does not appear to know, that Indian Corn is a common crop in CANADA, and in NEW BRUNSWICK; and, as to *tobacco*, it was certainly prudent to write *anonymously*,

when the ignorance of the writer was so complete as for him not to know, that the cultivation of tobacco is general in the *North of France* and in *Belgium*; and that the best snuff in France is made from tobacco grown in the vicinity of ST. OMERS!

I should not have troubled you in answer to such a correspondent; but, as numbers will read his letter, who cannot possibly have the proof of its misstatements before them, I have thought it right to show that the great degree of hope that has been excited upon this subject ought not to be shaken by the observations of this anonymous personage, the conclusion of whose letter shows, that complete ignorance of the subject is not his only fault. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and
most humble Servant,
WM. COBBETT.

N. B. I will send to each of the editors of the London papers, in which my corn has been noticed, either an ear, or a whole plant, on, or before, the 15th of October; and I will, at the same time, exhibit a plant in the window of my shop in Fleet-street.

30th September.

I have, this day, for the very first time since it was planted, been out into the *middle* of my corn-field; and I now think, that I *under*, rather than over, rated the amount of my crop. The corn *here* is now under the operation of *topping*; that is to say, taking off the fodder, so that in a few days, there will be no perfect plant left in the field. But (a thing that I had wholly forgotten) there is some corn in the garden at *Kensington*, which, though planted in the first week in *June*, will ripen, and is, indeed, now nearly ripe. For the reason which I shall mention in a subsequent article of this Register, I cannot admit persons there until *after the tenth of October*.

I ought to add (what I did not like to do in addressing myself to DOCTOR BLACK), that I will make a bet of ten to one, that the "*Corn Planter*" is a *Scotchman*; aye, and a *tax-eating Scotchman* too. It is clear to me, that he never was in the United States of

America, except as a bird of passage; a spy, perhaps, or in some such capacity. He knows nothing at all about corn; but he knows a good deal about taxes, and about me; and he knows that I would take his share of the taxes from him, if I could.

AMERICAN TREES AND SEEDS.

THE Trees that I shall have for sale this year are as follows:

FOREST-TREES.

LOCUSTS.—7s. a hundred.—They are two years old; or, rather, a year and a half. They were sowed in May 1827, and transplanted in May 1828. Some of them are now more than *seven feet high*; some not more than four or five, and a few not more than three or four. They now form a beautiful coppice in my ground at Kensington. I can have but *one* price. The lowest of them (having been *transplanted*) are very cheap at 7s. a hundred. One gentleman has ordered 25,000; and he is to have them at 6s. a hundred. Any large quantity, not less than 10,000, I will sell at the same price. The gentleman, to whom I have sold the 25,000, is going to plant *for profit*, in ground trenched according to the instructions given in my work, called *The Woodlands*, which every gentleman should see before he begins to *trench ground*.

WHITE ASH.—Same age, and transplanted like the Locusts. Very fine plants.—5s. a hundred.

WILD CHERRY.—Same age: transplanted in the same way.—5s. a hundred.

HONEY-LOCUST.—Same age; transplanted in the same way; 5s. a hundred, or 40s. a thousand.

BLACK WALNUT.—Seedlings; but from two to three feet high. Very fine plants. 3s. a hundred.

RED CEDAR.—Two years old, very fine plants. 5s. a hundred.

WHITE OAK.—Seedlings; but very fine, being, in general, nearly a foot high, and some of them more. 3s. a hundred.

CHESTNUT (the American).—Seedlings; very fine plants; 3s. a hundred.

BLACK ASH.—Seedlings; 3s. a hundred.
HICKORY.—Seedlings; 3s. a hundred.
LIME.—Seedlings; 20s. a hundred; 3s. for ten.

SASSAFRAS.—Two years old. A very few; 1s. each.

SHRUBS.

BUCK'S EYE.—Or scarlet-blossomed Horse-Chesnut.—1s. each. Seedlings, but very strong.

CATALPA.—Two years old, transplanted; 6d. each.

ALTHEA FRUTEX.—Two years old, very fine plants, just fit for ornamental hedges; 3s. a hundred, which is about the usual price of *two plants*.

All these trees may be seen in my ground, at Kensington, on *any day, Sunday excepted, after the tenth of October*, the truth being, that the wet summer and my presence here, has prevented my having that place, not in a state of *neatness*, but in a state such as to enable people to get about amongst the trees.—There is also, at Kensington, some of my *Indian Corn*, which, though planted, I say, and we always must say, *plant*, corn, and *sow* wheat; for, the corn is put upon the ground a grain at a time by the hand, just as kidney beans are; this corn, at Kensington, though planted so late as the *first week in June*, will ripen: and I shall leave some of the plants with the tops on; so that this will (after the 10th of October) save gentlemen the trouble of going to Barn-Elm to see the corn, where, besides, it will all be topped by that time.

It is now five years since I put forth my first publication on the subject of the *Locust Tree*. I said, that, in my exile, caused by SIDMOUTH and CASTLE-REAGH's Power-of-imprisonment-Bill, I had conceived the hope of enriching England with this tree; for I never confounded *my country* with *those men*, or with any others. This hope I have now realized. I have sold about a million of the trees; and now one gentleman purchases 25,000 to *plant for profit*. The White Oak, the White Ash, the Black Walnut, are next in importance; and great numbers have been raised and sold.

I was induced to write the book, called *The Woodlands*, by the incessant ap-

plications made to me for information relative to *tree-planting*; and I really think, that, in most cases, the book is absolutely necessary to the planter. Plantations fail only in consequence of want of skill in the owner. The title of the *WOODLANDS* is as follows; and, I venture to say, it *fully answers* to its title.

THE WOODLANDS: OR, A TREATISE

On the preparing of ground for planting; on the planting; on the cultivating; on the pruning; and on the cutting down of Forest Trees and Underwoods;

DESCRIBING

The usual growth and size and the uses of each sort of tree, the seed of each, the season and manner of collecting the seed, the manner of preserving and of sowing it, and also the manner of managing the young plants until fit to plant out;

THE TREES

Being arranged in Alphabetical Order, and the List of them, including those of America as well as those of England, and the English, French, and Latin name being prefixed to the directions relative to each tree respectively.

This is a very handsome octavo book, of fine paper and print, price 14*s.* and it contains matter sufficient to make any man a complete tree-planter. N. B. The book was, at first, published in *separate numbers*. Those gentlemen, who took part of the numbers, and who have not completed their sets, are hereby notified, that no *numbers* of the work will, *in numbers*, be to be had after the first day of January next.

FRUIT-TREES.

APPLES and **PEARS**; both very fine plants, and of fine sorts: but I have not room at present to insert a list of them; 2*s.* each tree.

ASPARAGUS and **STRAWBERRY** Plants, the former from American seed, and the latter the *Keen's Seedling*; 2*s. 6d.* a hundred plants.

I shall begin executing orders, for any of the above things, on the 15th of November, and it would not be proper to do it more early. Gentlemen, who may wish to be supplied with any of them, will please to send their orders, in writing, addressed to me, at No. 183, Fleet Street; or to leave them there, *in writing*, and sealed up and addressed to

me. This is necessary, in order to prevent delays and mistakes. They will be so good as to give *very plain* and *very full* directions as to the places whither the trees are to be sent, and will be pleased to bear in mind, that all *proper names*, whether of places or of persons, ought to be written in a *plain hand*.

What **SEEDS** I shall have to dispose of I do not, as yet, exactly know; but I shall publish the list early in December.

DOCTOR DOYLE.

(Concluded from page 349.)

To the worthy Prelate who thus, in the 19th century, dreads Papal molestation, might be repeated what was said by Doctor Samuel Johnson sixty years ago—"That a man who "would then feel a dread of the power of the "Pope, would have cried out fire at the time "of the Deluge." But though at present, and for a century and a half past, the Catholics have experienced no vexation or molestation; though the present mode of nomination has for a century and a half conferred on Ireland the inestimable blessing of a body of Prelates not to be surpassed in apostolical virtues, and that no reason whatever is assigned upon which a suspicion can rest, that, at any future day, any trouble or molestation will be felt; still, upon this most remote possibility, this *mera possiblitas*, that some one, God knows who, or where, or when, may be "*inconvenienced*" by the Pope, are we called upon to alter those relations, which, it appears by the Prelate's own showing, have for a century and a half maintained uniform concord and harmony between our Hierarchy and the Holy See! This uncalled-for scheme—which, among the other evils it would produce, could not but tend to divide us, is now brought before the public, and addressed to a Prime Minister—but will, however, I apprehend, not prove likely to captivate our exemplary, enlightened, and vigilant Prelates. They have little poetry about them, and will probably conceive that the *well* may be let alone, for though they know their path they cannot guess where new roads may lead. Indeed, the mere fact of calling in a perfect stranger, to interfere in what may be called family matters, cannot appear calculated to excite any strong feeling of assent on their part.

As for the Duke of Wellington himself, the first sentence in the above paragraph will probably determine the part his Grace will take in this affair; for that says, "*The State is already perfectly secure against Papal encroachment.*" Now this, I apprehend, is all that relates to his Grace's *Orderly Book*, and with this he will probably rest satisfied. To be sure, the Duke having so much idle time on his hands, may require varied amusements. But then the question may be, whe-

ther his Grace would seek his recreations in the analysing of certain Right Reverend dreaming lucubrations, of undefined "vera-tions" and "inconveniences," which the Pope may or may not, in the present or the next century, inflict on some as yet undiscovered patient.

The evils which the Catholic religion might apprehend, will not come from Rome, they are most likely to arise from a relaxation of discipline, which might, more or less, encourage the experimental feats of theorists and innovators, who, by the division they might thus create amongst us, would greatly cheer the efforts of our spiritual adversaries, and of our temporal opponents. Now these evils can only be securely guarded against by maintaining that intimate connexion, that strict union, with that centre of Christian truth and Catholic unity, the Holy See, which has distinguished the Catholic Church in Ireland, and which at this day, notwithstanding the constant insult and wrongs endured for three centuries, remains unshaken.

It would appear by the Right Rev. writer's partiality for those misnamed *Gallican liberties*, and by the whole context of his letter, that he may have retained some early prejudices imbibed at a certain Portuguese University, remarkable for supporting those tenets of pretended church liberties; doctrines, whose inevitable tendency is to bring about this "nationalising" of churches after the Utrecht or sundry Protestant fashions. In fact, to solve the connexion of the Catholic people with that eternal strong hold of Christian faith, the Rock of the Apostle St. Peter, against which neither the assaults of Infidels, nor Theorists, nor "the gates of Hell are to prevail."

I lament to say, that throughout the Prelate's letter, this bearing, adverse to the Holy See, is manifest. Indeed, as the absence of the statues of *Brutus* and *Cassius* reminded the people the more of those persons, it is scarcely possible, in taking the whole context of that letter into consideration, not to be struck with the omission (accidental no doubt) of the word *patriarch*, and not to be induced to believe that by the Duke of Wellington's exertions in procuring from the Pope the nomination of a *Patriarch* for Ireland, all things would be arranged to the satisfaction of all parties. I, however, apprehend that his Grace will be much better employed than in aiding such useless schemes; for in my humble opinion (and I think I know something of them), neither the Irish Catholic Clergy or Laity would ever submit to the appointment of a functionary named for the purpose of dis severing them from the Holy See, and subjecting their religion to the Civil Power; and who, created by the influence of the Protestant Minister of a Protestant King, could not be expected to forget the interests of his Creator.

The Right Rev. Prelate quotes, with seeming complacency, the Belgian and other *Concordats*, and mentions Bonaparte's "*Loix Organiques*" for drilling Priests; but this, to be sure, is only "by way of illustration." I

presume to say that had the Prelate been better informed, those *Concordats* would have excited in him no other feelings than those of indignation. Notwithstanding those declarations and protestations of Protestant liberality and Protestant toleration, and an appeal to the lights of the age and the march of intellect, and so forth, to persuade the Catholic Belgian that his religion would be fairly dealt by, by the Dutch Government. Yet no sooner was ill-fated Belgium subjected to a Dutch king, than all pledges were violated, and, as is notorious, an uninterrupted, vexatious persecution was carried on in Belgium against the Catholic religion and its Ministers. One mode has been pursued most injurious to religion, and insulting to the feelings of the Catholic population, that is, the encouragement given, and the promotion bestowed by the Dutch Governments to *liberal priests*; that is, to persons not Catholics, and who could be scarcely denominated Christians, who were everywhere preferred to the pious and moral clergy in the appointment to parishes, unless, indeed, in some very rare instances, where, by dint of powerful interests, the *liberal* or anti-Christian disposition of Government was neutralized. But now what has happened under the *Concordat*, of which the Right Rev. Bishop of Leighlin and Kildare speaks with complacency? Why, whereas before the *concordat* the Dutch could only name *liberal* Priests to parishes, the Dutch king now finds himself authorised by virtue of the *Concordat* to name his *liberal* Priests to Bishoprics, and this he has actually done. But, fortunately for the Church, there is at its head a Pontiff who has no political *Gonsalvi* to prompt him, and who, devoted to his great duties, has rejected the whole corps of *Liberal* Priests named for Bishoprics by his Dutch Majesty, with one exception; for, as if to qualify the rest, there was among them one pious, good priest, and him the Pope has named to the Bishopric of *Namur*. But all the other Sees remain vacant, and will so remain until others than wolves in sheep's clothing are recommended to occupy them. Again. Whereas, before the *Concordat*, though the Catholics experienced great molestation in these schools and colleges, still they were not prohibited giving these children early Catholic instruction. Now what has taken place since the *Concordat*? Why the Dutch monarch has considered himself authorised to deprive the Catholic poor of a Catholic education; without enumerating the many other instances, the other day the Dutch Government broke up the admirable charity school of *Byloke*, near *Ghent*, where six hundred poor Catholic children were educated *gratis* by those pious and universally-respected men, the Brethren of the Christian doctrine. That the Dutch should thus expel pious men, who teach the doctrines of a crucified Saviour, may not be surprising, as we know that the Dutchman daily tramples under foot the Cross and the Image of that crucified Saviour, where ducats are to be gained by the performance, for

Mynheer is essentially an *Utilitarian*, and perhaps this *Utilitarian* is of the opinion of a Learned Member of the British Parliament, that "*all is bad in the Catholic system.*" However that may be, he seems, under the authority of the *Concordat*, to be taking the best means for securing the future extinction of the Catholic religion, by preventing the rising generation from receiving that early religious instruction in the primary schools, ministered to them by the Brethren of the Christian doctrine. Indeed the Dutch Government seems, throughout Belgium, to be now sedulously following the example of the Liberal Faction now omnipotent in France, who every where throughout the kingdom are at present driving the Brethren of the Christian Doctrine out of the primary schools, and replacing them by liberal school-masters, *philosophers* who would consider a suspicion that they believed in God as a mortal offence! So much for the advantage obtained for the Catholic religion and a Catholic population, from a *Concordat* entered into with a Protestant Sovereign!!

There is an effect which a *Concordat* would produce, which seems to have totally escaped the Right Rev. letter writer; that is, the consequences of that measure to our regular Clergy. In the *Concordats* made by Protestant Sovereigns, those Sovereigns always have required the acquiescence of the Holy See to their determination to exclude the regular Clergy from their dominions; can it then be believed that our Government, in its negotiations for a *Concordat*, would not insist that the spiritual authority of Rome should be exerted in aid of their endeavours to obtain an object so injurious to the interests of our Church, and so desirable to Protestant prejudice, as the annihilation of religious orders in Ireland? That it has been long the intention of Government to do away with religious orders in Ireland, and that matters of that nature were in agitation in 1825 is notorious. Indeed the examination on this point before the House of Lords, of Mr. Richard Antony Blake, renders this unquestionable. (This examination was first brought into public notice by the resolutions of the Catholics of the county of Wexford, 5th December, 1825, published in your paper, Mr. Editor, in the same month). In his examination, the Learned Gentleman, having been grossly misinformed, gave a most unfavourable account of the regular clergy of Ireland; that the Learned Gentleman was so grossly misinformed is evident, for the Right Reverend Bishop of Leighlin and Kildare, who may be presumed to be somewhat better authority in Ecclesiastical matters than any gentleman in the four Courts, in his examination, also before the Lords, pronounced a splendid eulogium on the regular clergy of Ireland, who had just then been so severely stigmatised by the Learned Gentleman. But Mr. Blake's examination still remains on record; and when either negotiations are entered into with the Holy See, or measures are proposed in Parliament for the

gradual extinction of the regular Clergy of Ireland, Mr. B.'s examination will be (as no doubt it was meant to be) a ready argument for the supporters of that measure, for no argument could be presented either to the Court of Rome or to Parliament, more to their purpose than the testimony of a Catholic gentleman of high respectability, who declares that the religious orders of our Church in Ireland are oppressive to the people, and indeed worse than useless, or words most fully to that effect. Now, it behoves the heads of those religious houses to take timely warning, and to consider whether, on the day on which a *Concordat* may be signed, their doom may not be sealed.

There is another matter not precisely mentioned in the letter, but perfectly relevant, which I cannot pass unnoticed. There is a decision freely pronounced by certain liberal gentlemen here, some of them patriots of the first water, whose every sentence is interlarded with the words *Liberty* and *Constitution*. This decision is, "that Government ought to 'legislate for the Catholics of Ireland, without consulting or hearing them.'" That is to say, these gentlemen would thus deal by seven millions of Irishmen, in a manner in which not one of them would dare to propose to deal by a knot of English cobblers. Such maxims might sound very well on the shores of the Neva or of the Bosphorus, but those gentlemen ought to recollect that they are in England. If, however, they must avow such tenets, it is to be hoped that some sense of common decency may prevent them in future from profaning the words *Liberty* and *Constitution*, by giving them utterance.

There are some other matters in the Prelate's letter which I consider highly objectionable, but which want of space prevents my noticing.

HIBERNUS,

One of the five Deputies who, on the 7th of January, 1793, presented the Petition of the Catholics of Ireland to their Royal Benefactor, his late Majesty George the Third.

Brooke's, St. James's-street, Saturday,
June 23d, 1828.

P. S. As I was convinced that, sanctioned by such a name as that of the Right Rev. the Catholic Bishop of Leighlin and Kildare, the letter addressed to his Grace the Duke of Wellington might do much injury, notwithstanding the good intentions in which I am confident it was written, I have presumed to answer that letter, however grievously painful it has been to me to differ in opinion with a Prelate whose unaffected piety, boundless charity, and truly apostolic zeal, no one can more profoundly reverence than myself, as no one can feel a more respectful and sincere affection for the person of that most kind and amiable gentleman, than I presume to say I honour myself by entertaining.